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FREE IF YOU CAN AFFORD IT

**S. O. Y.
LAST
NUMBER**

JUNE '82

**THIS ISSUE:
MORE BACKWARD THEORIES
AND GENOCIDAL MANIFESTOS**

**BY MARIAN KESTER · JOSEPH LANZ · MICHAEL PEPPE
· MARTA HOSKINS · D.M. CROWTHER AND OTHERS**

AP

STORMS OF YOUTH 4



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Letters To The Editor

To Joseph Lanz and the Editors of "Storms of Youth",

As a gay, a student of the San Francisco Art Institute and an individual old enough to have witnessed repression and persecution in a great many forms I feel compelled to write this rebuttal to the article "Gay Kitsch" that appeared in the April issue of "Storms of Youth".

The written media, as you know, is a powerful tool; ill conceived and poorly devised articles can however create an opposite effect of that actually desired. For Joseph Lanz' sake let us hope this is the case with "Gay Kitsch".

The authors extreme prejudice is made evident in his opening paragraphs. Claiming that it is the "gay world" that makes banality larger than life for mass appeal. An oversight like this in a country that has as many television sets as it does people indicates calculated misrepresentation.

Lanz follows with an equally malevolent assertion: "Kitsch keeps gays complacent with its deluge of plastic objects and entertainment." Presenting this as a gay phenomenon in a society in which the deluge of plastic objects forms an integral part of bourgeois culture is absurd.

Lanz mocks the attempt to stress gay sensibility in the past. The section titled "The Past Recycled" suffers strongly from a bias operating throughout the majority of recorded history. With the exception of only a few periods of time homosexuality has been ruthlessly repressed. Positive references to homosexuals were left out of history books in cultures that routinely burned people accused of this "abomination" (giving rise to the slang term "faggot" which was the bundle of twigs used to ignite the fires). The author seems to object to any attempt to reclaim moments in history that could reinforce gay self respect today or to publicize the existence of pre-patriarchal societies.

Lanz does not mention the 2000 years of history between Catullus and Rimbaud except to imply that homosexuals today enjoy the types of torture employed genocidally during the Middle ages. (In another pointed misrepresentation of reality sadomasochism is presented as a homosexual preoccupation even though it has been shown that this practice is far more prevalent among heterosexuals. In fact heterosexuals wrote the book.)

Mr. Lanz is surprisingly thorough in presenting rehashes of every flimsy anti-homosexual argument used and refuted in the past. He goes so far as to hysterically suggest that older homosexuals are tragically indoctrinated into lust after young boys. (This hysteria is shared by a great many homophobes as seen by the "Save Our Children" campaign to eliminate homosexual teachers.) That heterosexual "kiddie porn" has reached such incredible dimensions, making Brooke Shields and Natasha Kinski the hottest property on the cinema screen today, is of no consequence to Mr. Lanz. (In light of this it is even more ironic that a gay man is now serving 22 consecutive life sentences in a Nevada penitentiary for consensually orally copulating a 14 year old boy.)

That Lanz is fixated on the idea of "real men" is obvious by his objection to skin moisturizer. This position apparently allows him in some strange way to see that a desire in men to be attractive is actually a desire to be dead. His proof blatantly ignores fact. Ramon Navarro was killed by two straight brothers who were posing as hustlers to get to his money. This is indeed a "great gay fatality" because it represents an untold number of similar incidences in which homosexuals were the victims of self proclaimed avengers of a homophobic society.

"Suddenly Last Summer" is the tip of the iceberg as far as the portrayal of gays in Hollywood goes. As Vito Russo points out in *The Celluloid Closet* homosexuals were either not pictured in Hollywood movies at all or they presented in the worst light possible. Mr. Russo concludes his book with a two page "necrology" listing the variety of ways those responsible for the visual inculturation of Americans saw fit to eliminate "the homosexual".

For one who is preoccupied with iconoclasm (purely for the sake of iconoclasm) Lanz is surprisingly dense in his refusal to see the purpose of feminist and gay art. Repression of women and gays has been ordered around their sexual identity; (while homosexuality per se is not illegal in the 24 states that still have anti-sodomy laws, homosexual sex is - see list in back). Judy Chicago's "dinner Party" and penis lollipops demystify the sexual organs and remove their functions from the repressive realm of morality.

Lanz' statement that gay pornography thrives on male supremacy again disregards the more inclusive topic of pornography in America in general in order to fault gays in particular. Male supremacy as the main concern of heterosexual pornography is a volatile issue among feminist critics today. I refer Mr. Lanz to "Jump Cut" (issue 26) for an extensive list of books and articles on this subject, as his silence in this area seems to reveal a lack of knowledge. Ignorance in this case is no excuse for what seems to be a misogynistic indifference.

"Gay Kitsch" presents a false and extremely misrepresented view that gays are trying to live up to a "Tarzan/Jane model". If there is a concern among gays for the body's sexual functioning it's understandable considering the epidemic proportions in the increase of venereal disease. Perhaps Mr. Lanz is being defensive in considering vigor and cleanliness neurotic - one wonders if this attack on qualities that are healthy is not itself rooted in guilt.

Anxiety over the appropriation of costumes usually reserved for "butch" heterosexuals shows a belief in their intrinsic meaning on Lanz' part and completely misses the gay concept of neutralizing the opposition through mimicry. (Lanz is apparently "discouraging any ironic or critical outlook" by homosexuals, and objecting to tampering with "the unaffected rituals of the 'normal world'.")

I for one do not understand what is meant by "gay marriage." I believe the author has manufactured this as a form of gay relationship to support his thin theories (and provide copy for his lame article.) To say that defining likes and dislikes astrologically is a gay activity is preposterous as this is the basis of most books about astrology on the market today. It is equally preposterous to reduce exploitation of sadomasochism in pulp literature to the realm of gay bonding. An examination of heterosexual sex books would yield titles a great deal more perverse and disgusting than "sextool" and "My Brother, My Slave".

I do not see any relation between gay romance and manic career pursuits, nor is any support for this contention included in "Gay Kitsch". Lanz ignores the fact that if many gays did not keep a low profile on their jobs they would lose their jobs (even in San Francisco), and that gays move into squalid neighborhoods out of necessity not choice. (He criticizes gays cleaning up their neighborhoods for no other ostensible reason than that gays get some kind of credit for doing so.)

Lanz' most grievous fault is to renew the time worn accusation that all gays indeed do fit a stereotype. The first sentence of his article "Gay Kitsch" now a redundant label" leaves little doubt of Lanz' views on gays as individuals. His most important arguments rely on generalizations and distorted reality. "...the gay world has inverted to Oscar Wilde's notion of life imitating art..." "...gay life has become a claustrophobic repertoire of stilted mannerisms." "With kitsch, all permutations of gay marriage safely conform to the husband and wife paradigm;" "With gay romance comes the family centered work ethic..." Even his grammatical choices indicate that he views gays as an impersonal unit - "...cleaning up the squalid neighborhoods they move into.")

Lanz attributes the blame for large societal problems to gays with nothing to stand as evidence other his feeling that that's the way it is. He attacks gay merchandising without considering that it is only a reflection of the macrocosm of American consumerism. He condemns gays for a "pathological concern for work" without examining the economic manifestation of oppression in capitalistic society. It is not surprising that Mr. Lanz ridicules the attempt to present a gay history as he systematically ignores historical perspective in examining the position of gays today.

Perhaps the clearest example of reactionary double talk is found in the section "The Ever Circling Bastard Angel". After tediously reproving gays for having sold out as a whole for the sake of banality, Lanz says that the inverse, radical gays with a vision of rebellion "only supply the straight world with another valuable weapon - a negative role model". This damned if you do, damned if you don't rationale suggests that Mr. Lanz' concern for gays borders on the genocidal.

The last paragraph of the article is a remarkable example of ignorance considering the availability of information in the Bay Area on the gay rights movement. To say that "gays have suddenly won the ultimate door prize" is to show such a disregard for reality that one wonders what the real intent of "Gay Kitsch" is. Not only is homosexual sex still illegal in 24 states and now the District of Columbia (a recent example of the Moral Majority's strength - the District of Columbia's laws are determined by a vote of Congress), violence against gays is rising at a surprising rate (attacks in San Francisco, for the most part unpublicized, occur weekly).

Gays from a great many countries in the world would listen in disbelief to Mr. Lanz' description of the gay lifestyle as a rodeo show disco tapping on vinyl turf (see the list in back of countries in which homosexuality is illegal). China's official policy is that homosexuality does not exist in the People's Republic. Homosexuality receives the death penalty in Iran. Incidences of repression in Spain, England, Australia and Toronto, Canada last year and organized attempts to block lowering the age of consent for homosexuals in Holland, France and Switzerland show that reactionary homophobia is in full force even in countries that are considered accepting.

While I would not expect articles "Storms of Youth" to speak for me as a student at the Art Institute (divergent viewpoints are what keep life interesting and society evolving) I am surprised to find an article that speaks so pointedly against me, especially considering the amount of distortion and hysterical prejudice presented therein.

If this were an isolated case in the April issue of "Storms of Youth" my complaint would be directed at Mr. Lanz and addressed to the editors only to bring attention to their misjudgement in including an article such as "Gay Kitsch". However, in "Against Reduction - Hunter, Herman and Urgent Art", which favorably presents the mentioned artists' theories, of part of Tim Hunter's manifesto ("Art history yes. Progress, no! - Rape all feminist artists! - Destroy everything soft and unnecessary. - Eliminate the third world, now! Paint over their murals..." -) with no qualifications from Marian Kester, the article's author, implies agreement with the manifesto by the author and (in my of "Gay Kitsch") by the editors of "Storms of Youth" as well.

My conclusion from all of this is that "Storms of Youth" represents a reactionary attempt to give voice to the neo-fascist politics of its editors at the expense of San Francisco Art Institute Student Senate funds. As I do not believe that this in any way represents the view of the students of the Art Institute I find this inappropriate in the extreme, to say the least, and hope that this situation does not continue to yet another issue of backward theories and genocidal manifestos.

continued on next page

States That Have Laws Against Homosexual Sex

Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, District of Columbia, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Utah and Virginia.

Countries That Have Laws Against Homosexuality

Algeria, Argentina, Austria - gay literature or public manifestation illegal, Bahamas, Bangladesh, Barbados, Benin, Bermuda, Cameroun, Canada - homosexuality is legal over 21, however 400 men were arrested in Toronto in 1981 in anti-homosexual police raids, Chile, China, Cuba - laws against homosexuality but the policy of sending gays to work camps has been recently discontinued, Cyprus, Ecuador, Egypt, Ethiopia, Gibraltar, Hong Kong, India, Iran, Ireland, Israel, Ivory Coast, Jamaica, Jordan, Kenya, Kuwait, Lebanon, Libya, Macau, Malawi, Mali Mexico - 6 months to 5 years for "behaving against moral public order", Micronesia - anti-sodomy laws, Morocco, Mozambique, New Zealand, Nigeria, Oman, Pakistan, Panama, Puerto Rico, Qatar, Rumania, Russia, St. Lucia Saudi Arabia, Singapore, South Korea, The Sudan, Taiwan, Tanzania, Togo, Tonga Islands, Tunisia, Turkey, Ulster, Uruguay, Wales, Yemen, Zaire and Zambia.

Sincerely,

Thomas Faville

Joseph Lanz replies:

Mr. Faville's evangelical regard for "reality" and fact-finding is laughable when one considers how desperately he need matters SPELLED OUT for him in order to see straight.

His windy attempt to inform me that "kitsch" is not an exclusively gay problem is well taken; however, it totally misses the point. My article was intended to show how gays, long considered anathema in history, are ironically perfecting the rituals and beliefs responsible for their exclusion. To call the article "anti-homosexual" is stupid and merely betrays Mr. Faville's failure at an adult understanding.

The mere fact that Mr. Faville, in his opening sentence, refers to himself as "a gay (and) a student of the San Francisco Art Institute" reveals his need to separate his gayness from other aspects of his existence and, hence his inability to integrate it into his perceptions without being paranoid.

Since he is so keen on recommended readings, perhaps he may want to consider Harold Bloom's A Map Of Misreading which may at least sharpen his talent for misconstruing the obvious.

His exhaustive list of articles and assorted legal trivia ultimately reinforce my point. He exemplifies just another stereotype (one unfortunately neglected in the original piece) of the token liberal/activist who, in his penchant for shopworn dogma and love for trouble, often employs dubious catchwords such as "homophobic", "fascist" and (my favorite) "genocide" in order to score brownie points from those who either have not read the article in question or who are so taken in by facile demagoguery that they too imagine an enemy lurking behind every bush.

His pre-school analysis of my character and his clumsy assertion that I, and my peers at STORMS OF YOUTH, are "neo-fascists" speaks for itself. (Gee, thanks Joe, but we like being called neo-fascists! - Ed.) (Speak for yourself, Ed. - Prod. Dir.) Perhaps when Mr. Faville is truly ready to come out of the closet, he will be able to take criticism of gay culture without panicking. It appears that "the lady doth protest too much" and that his assumptions about our "distorted" brains are just a projection of his own myopia.

If literal-mindedness and a loss of humor are among the gravest dangers the gay cause can impose on itself, Mr. Faville may be the saving joke.

EDITORIAL

Some Guidelines for Our Successors

Before any concrete action is taken, you must accept the fact that if you are effective you will meet with resistance. If your action was rational your resistance will not be. The issue will be avoided in favor of a personal attack on the artist. This is your surest barometer of success.

Do not despair of your ability to shock. Man is eternally shockable, because he is eternally fearful. Simply show him something he doesn't want to see while making no excuses for doing so. You will be attacked on grounds of good taste and morality, as if those had anything to do with art. They are the aesthetics of cowardice.

To explain yourself is at best a compromise, at worst a surrender. NEEDLESS TO SAY, YOU MUST BE DISCIPLINED AND SURE OF YOUR WORK.

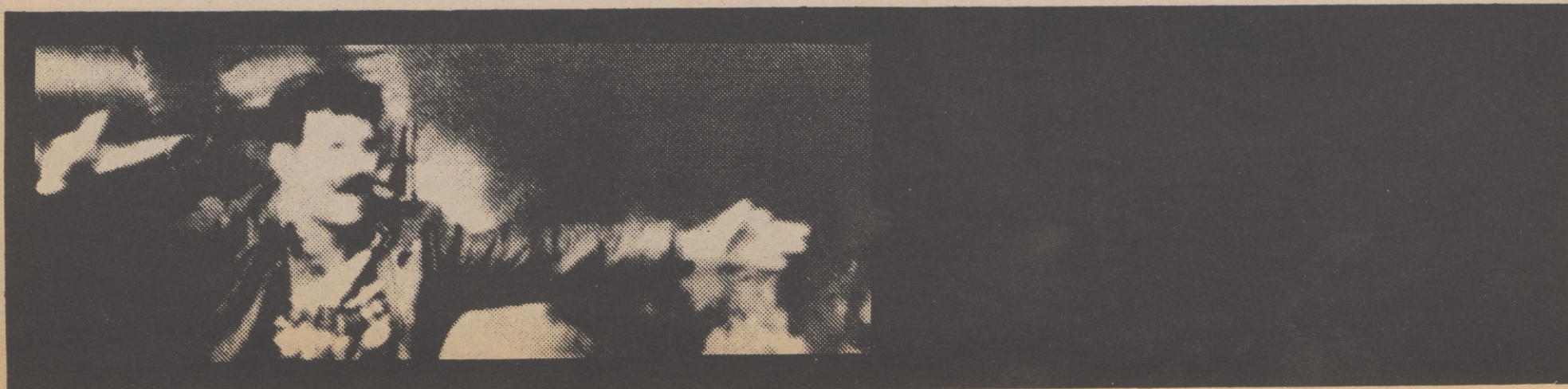
New tactics must be developed constantly. Catagorization is fatal. Stay ahead of acceptance.

Do not feel that you must have a solution for something before you can criticize it. To criticize well is an accomplishment.

Slander, Plagiarism and Obscenity are often virtues.

Slogans are lies. They are devised for the enemy, not for ourselves. Use them, but don't believe in them.

Given a choice, would you rather be wrong or boring?



The following is imaginary:

You walk into the "space". A girl with spikey hair is playing electric guitar with a nail file. A fellow with pale skin and one earring is shaving his beard. A tape of the Mutants is playing, overdubbed with the girl's voice enumerating the contents of her bathroom shelf. The back drop is painted deliberately to look childish. On it are projected slides of suburbia. The fellow begins talking about how his parents forced him to be Macho. The girl begins smashing on the guitar with the file.

notes all night, etc. The style probably achieved its greatest prominence in music, where, in the hands of La Monte Young, Terry Riley, Phillip Glass, Phillip Corner *et al* it began its checkered progress from infuriating interminable experimentalism to bohemian mantra to guided fantasy mood-music to High Pop (cf. its cousin Disco Pulse) to its current incarnations in hardcore punk and synthesizer bands, where invariant meter is a metaphor for fascism and mesmerization, respectively. (Of course by now it has expanded sufficiently to virtually *become* musical culture itself, as incessant cellular repetition, lockstep periodicity, monochromatic sonority and modal tonality have all become staples of jazz, M.O.R., electronics, Easy Listening, funk, TV soundtracks, etc.)

single one of them empty. That is, your image/lyrics/clothes magazine/philosophy could be Anarchist, Psychelic, Beat, Feminist, Redneck, Surf, Futurist, Greaser, Activist, Romantic, Nazi, Dread, Decadent, Preppie, Third World, Ingenue, Sleaze, Camp, Lounge, Nurd, Gay, Pervert or Cowboy, and so long as you do it with a little irony, you're New Wave. (Surely there's at least one band for every category in that list.) The most popular whine is "Everything's been done"; so it's done once more, without feeling. (The fifties tend to be scavenged a little cleaner than the sixties by these culture-vultures,

WHY PERFORMANCE

Nail-file-on-guitar bit=girl's transformation from Oppressed. Female to Punk Feminist. Fellow shaving=removing Macho image. Mutants tape=Art Can Be Fun. Bathroom products=corporate colonization of Personal Space. Childish backdrop=anarchy. Suburbia=Get Into the Nausea Of It.

Audience=asleep.

For how much longer will audiences endure the punishments-of-curiosity we call performance art? Until we deem these fruit-flies ticklish enough to be worth the clothing-stain of crushing: probably never. As with poetry, foot surgery and taxidermy-criticism, the audience is already almost wholly composed of practitioners, and the pull of the footlights on the all-too-eager is as strong as ever. No, performance art will doubtless remain with us for a long time, much as a small stain remains on a flattened Doggie Diner cup for years before a tricycle's warm wind wafts it into the drain. Still, it merits at least a broom's sweeping generalizations...

The cliché that has been leaping so merrily from the service of lip to lip in the half-decade since the Ramones and the Sex Pistols has been that art, and particularly performance, has been "revived" by New Wave and that henceforth it will cease all those silly pretensions to seriousness it has been exhibiting the last, oh, six thousand years or so and will now be made Accessible and Relevant by the Dr. Bronner's Hair-Gro of entertainment. Suddenly we are given to understand that all art has been heretofore characterized by a funereal, or at least pedagogic, solemnity, but that this can all be remedied by cranking the P.A. up to 120db., throwing in some tap, one-liners and found footage, keeping the works below 20 minutes and serving beer. How did we arrive at this pretty pass?

In the beginning there was Minimalism. Like all 70's ideas a 60's one in Buck Rogers drag, Minimalism in music, dance and performance began as a reaction against the *savage* license and *engage* politics of the Assassination Era, and was the first corner in the Me Decade's long turn inward. Sensory-overloaded and weary of the strident polemic, motivic chaos and formal inclusiveness of Happenings, Naked Theatre, art rock, multi-media and psychedelia, artists gave away their material possessions--and most of their material--and went into meditation on the One, or at least the Very Few. Hence the dancers spinning in one spot for hours, the actors taking twenty minutes to pick up a teacup, the musicians playing three

Naturally your first contact with Minimalism bored you silly: *why is he taking so long?* You wanted information, ideas, images! Like in Coltrane, Rauschenberg, *Yellow submarine!* But the artist was saying no, shut up a minute: *why are you bored? What's the hurry?* You were made to feel as though this need for sensation was a kind of a cultural junk-food addiction (Minimalists are, after all, first and foremost hippies), that you were irritated because you weren't *centered*, or, worse, because deep down you were really a kind of a businessman. The catchphrase was this: *get into your boredom*. And art-as-refuge replaced art-as-revolution.

For awhile it wasn't such a bad idea, this quieting of cultural chatter. Until, that is, it joined the chatterers itself. Unfortunately, by the time Minimalism's profile faded to mist it was too late: performance had become veritable *identified* boredom, a particularly short step for Americans, harboring as we do a certain secret equation of art with humorlessness. Thus art became once again, as in the abstract, atonal, coolly intellectual fifties, something to be endured. And Minimalism, once an idea having a richly-deserved day in the sun, became a phone call during dinner from a dull uncle.

Enter New Wave. Television-weaned and stereo-reared the generation born in the mid-fifties and later is not fooled by boredom disguised as gettin-into-you-boredom. Rather they propitiated the dashboard-idol Stimulation and crave a high-density barrage of images, sounds, actions and ideas not entirely unlike those microcosmic



the former being the decade when the curtain went up on the post-war Spectacle, the codification of value in a shared image of the social, political, and economic psychescape, so the images of that Precambrian era tend to be heavily invested in.) An eerie *deja vu* results: each

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"...the heinous truth is that art is work or it is not at all."

sixties tape-collages, film-montages, crowd scenes and rock operas, but with a difference: no value, no meaning, no romance, no answers, no heroes, no future. In the language of art: no content. If the sixties showed there was nothing about which one could not be earnest and shrill, the seventies mounted the same campaign for cynicism and irony. Thus New Wave rockers and artists found they had inherited perhaps the greatest array of poses, stereotypes and clichés in history, and every

band with its own unique image, but already familiar the first time. In film, video, periodicals and graphics a kind of *maximalism* follows: a profusion of information without import, styles without substance, referents without reference. In a word, theatricalism.

And it is with this theatricalism that New Wave attempts to revive the corpse of performance bored stiff by Minimalism, grease-painting the pale skull propped up in the



footlights. Alas, poor interestingness... Hence the predictable juxtapositions (as if juxtapositions alone equalled irony) of costumes, punchlines, pop songs, plots, vaudeville schticks, TV riffs, Andy Williams lighting, easy-listening synthesizer, etc., in works pathologically careful never to violate the sacred 25-minute maximum. (The TV generation's attention-span, it says here). As if what we enjoy about entertainment are the empty boxes it comes in, and as if merely rearranging slivers of those empty boxes qualifies as some "comment" on pop culture (in the U.S. read: culture), and by extension, life. (The party line is that there's no difference anyway.)

a decade after the advent of Art As Very Little, culture would still be reeling, mouth a-froth with mantra, from the cataclysm of George joining the Maharishi?

Still, some progress has been made: the mathematical, intellectual, political and poetic ideas of the early performance Minimalists have been preened away, as befits

the utter irrelevance of performance art to our lives, and the clear superiority of film, television, rock'n'roll and other pop media, we suppose that it is boring because we have become too serious about it. But in fact the opposite is the case: the heinous truth is that art is work or it is not at all. Entertainment, in its broadest sense the point where interest passes over into joy, is present in most good and all great art, usually as the first element to be inserted, and the last to be remembered, but without it none of the work's grander ambitions would be achieved.

ART IS SO BORING

Then there are the artists who feel safe enough inside the simonization of art to declare that they are not parodying anything at all, but are real musicians, or comics or actors, quite in contradistinction to the evidence offered by both the socioeconomic situation (the "space"), and the level of technique (again, the space). Either way, the performance artist has his cake and gums it too: if he's criticized for being shallow, he responds that he "only wants people to have a good time." At the same time, unlike real entertainers, he doesn't feel required to do any *entertaining*: if his event is boring, as is customary, he'll reply that it's supposed to be, it's a comment,

the Donna Reed Nihilism of punk. Uninclined to think or feel anything about the world, we simply experience small parts of it over and over again, in bright colors, child-like language and deafening volume. We chirp hopefully that the "idea" (more like a simple *sensation*) will "resonate". Enconced utterly in TV culture, we see nothing especially alarming about making and witnessing art with a maximum mental age of fifteen (optimum age for Power Chord Contemplation) since for one thing that still puts it about three years ahead of television's (How many shows have you seen that would be incomprehensible to a twelve-year-old?)

The key word is diversion. We say that "after a hard day's work" we don't want to be bothered with "heavy" or "difficult" art, that we need *diversion*. But the day's work is itself a diversion, a burrowing for sanctuary into routine and petty martyrdom and emotional indolence. When we say we wish to be diverted from our day we are saying that our jobs are the true stuff of life, that beauty, fascination, inspiration and transcendence are peripheral. Most of all we wish to be diverted from ourselves, and from seeing that we divert instead of lead our lives. As Americans our lives consist almost wholly of diversion: billboards, muzak, TV, booze, porno, newspapers, pop music, etc. *ad infinitum*. It is not so much that everything seeks to divert us but that there is nothing to be diverted from. Nearly every culture in the world, developed or otherwise, has a more stable and substantial system of myths and values from which their artist may draw, than does the U.S.; here an artist is confronted with a lingo instead of pictures, personalities instead of persons; a vortex of empty signifiers without reference. This is of course beautiful, being by definition the future (also evil, knowledge, etc.). Nor does it make art impossible. But it may make the artist's job just a little harder: he or she must provide not the translation but the *assertion* of value; not the dispensible periphery but the *core* of meaning; not a diversion but at long last something from which we may be diverted.

"...As Laurie Anderson brilliantly pointed out, "Let X=X". But didn't Werner Erhard, or Guru Maharaji Gi, or the Electric Light Orchestra say that? Right around the time they invented the granola candy bar? Just before we dozed off? To wait for what we euphemistically used to call The Eighties?"

it's *alienation*, and likely as not he'll uncork the old Minimalist rallying cry *get into your boredom*. (In any case as his ace in the hole he can always play the New Wave card: I'm an artist, I don't care what you think, fuck off.)

But real entertainment is not at all an empty box: it's simply a lightly-filled one: cheap, easy to carry, quick to digest, disposable. And a decent entertainer is no more nor less than a worker, one who undergoes training and expends labor to produce the New Wave performance artist, who steals his forms, arranges them confusedly, mimics them ineptly, drains the content and looks up for the applause. He gets precious little, it must be said, most of the audience for such events being at movies and nightclubs getting the real thing. Nonetheless he is unperturbed, since his goal is won: like his punk models, (mostly guitarists who write songs about hair-dryers, urban neurotics and Nicaragua), he basks in the bobby-socks attention awarded an Art Star without enduring the risk or stigma attached to taking his work seriously.

Still, given the size of the audiences, the tech level of the performance spaces, and their own incomes, it's pretty obvious even to the artists themselves that they are not pop stars. And thus far the only things distinguishing their work from pop is non-originality, technical inferiority, hip meaninglessness and a certain arbitrariness of structure. They have yet to include the most chic element of all: the art (or, more accurately, the artiness). So what do they do with their forms?

They extend them. Repeat them, elongate them, flash them on and off, crank them up loud, vary them minutely to extend a motif, no matter how weak or fatuously dressed-up in the party-hat of entertainment, was to carry it into the arena of High Art. Amid all the chatter, then, about the New Wave artist vivifying art, the dullness of his art attest to the tattered old equation in his heart: art=boredom. And who would have thought that now,

None of this should surprise. For Americans born in the mid-forties (Hippies Wave II: Psychedelia) or later, the art experience is nearly inextricable from the rock experience. Is it any wonder theatre, dance and performance events now contain audiotapes in which even the *narration* is deafening? The soporific rhythm-boxes of the endless synthesizer bands, their hypnotic mommy's-little-fascist march-beats pop-legitimized by Ultravox and art-legitimized like "truncheon" in the lyrics, remind us that this pedestrian world is not to be skipped or danced in but plodded through. It's amazing: boredom has been chic for so long now it's even for the twentieth time chic to say so. As the high priestess of A.P.E. M. E. (Art Performance Equals Minimalism as Entertainment), Laurie Anderson brilliantly pointed out, "Let X=X". But didn't Werner Erhard, or Guru Maharaj Gi, or the Electric Light Orchestra say that? Right around the time they invented the granola candy bar? Just before we dozed off? To wait for what we euphemistically used to call the Eighties?

But there is nothing new about art-as-entertainment. Indeed, the occurrence historically is more the rule than the exception. Dickens, Dostoyevski and Poe all wrote much of their work for periodicals. *Crime and Punishment* was knocked out for a series of magazine deadlines. Shakespeare was a master of the thickening, quickening plot-line, replete with ghosts and gore for the gallery. Beckett stole the format for *Waiting for Godot* from Laurel and Hardy. The dramas and melodies of Verdi, Puccini, and even Wagner held and still hold their audiences in thrall. Some of the finest Beardsley, Degas and Picasso exist in posters. In America art and entertainment have rarely if ever been unfaithful to one another, from the earliest art stars Mark Twain and Stephen Crane through Chaplin and Gershwin through Warhol and Sam Sherphard. What is different about new performance art is not that there is entertainment in it but that there is nothing but and that what there is does not entertain. Confronted by the immense amount and variety, yet simultaneously

To attempt to detail the rather breath-taking superfluousness of the many conformities of performance art would be a dreadful waste of cannon in a tse-tse swarm.. Hence I will discuss only three:



THE MULTI-MEDIA PERFORMANCE

The artist in this idiom is usually someone with an appetite for the social jelly bean of being known as an artist but who lacks the discipline to acquire the skills of one, and the industry to replace those missing skills with anything but hi-tech cliches. Believing as he does that he is in a new field, he uses the banalities of Fluxus, Scarabee The One Group, Quog, Iowa Theatre Lab, 50's Cage, 60's Alister Hughes and 70's Joan Jonas to boldly go where no man has gone..... A plethora of effects is produced:

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NO ROOM FOR ASSHOLES



YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE

IS IT A SOLUTION ?

S.O.Y. ASSASSINATION POLL RESULTS



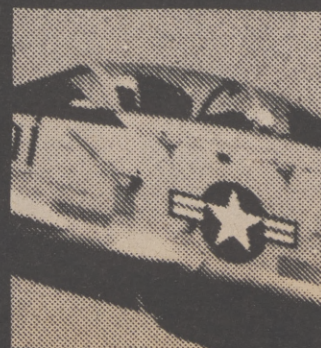
The general consensus appears to beg the ethical questions in favor of a pragmatic approach and expresses a belief, undoubtedly valid, that the structure of the political establishment would be either unharmed or possibly strengthened by the elimination of a specific figure.

No one seemed interested in working around this initial problem, though the endless possibilities include assassination of non-political figures, random assassination, and conceptual assassination, which indicates to us that the very ethical questions which were so realistically ignored are actually exerting a profound and debilitating influence.

From the winning opinion:

"Assassination does have the appeal of concrete results. It's the ultimate hook to pull a bad performer off the stage. But will his replacement be any different? Will the scenario change? Not very likely."

—Did you write this quote? If so, please contact A. Noble at 861-8689 to receive your free copy of the *Situationalist International Anthology*. Hint: your initials are B.H.





The Ultimate Tax Dodge / Marian Kester

The American body politic is so obstreperously infantile that it's little wonder the ruling class makes no more than a perfunctory show of consulting us, meanwhile sneering audibly behind its hands and proceeding behind the scenes with its late scheme for profiting off our mulish, hard working confusion. Long ago, it seems, the ruling class figured out that the American body politic loves its new leaders at first, then turns on them viciously, tears them down, only to clobber itself afterwards with guilt and remorse and set up a yet more naked emperor. As long as we are allowed to mindlessly badmouth the Government in these knee-jerk national orgies of gutless "anti-authoritarianism", our rulers feel fairly secure in ruling us *in actuality* as ruthlessly as they see fit.

In this context, we can locate David Stockman's shocking offhand remark in the December 1981 *Atlantic Monthly* interview, that the Reagan tax-cut program was all along a Trojan Horse secretly packed with tax breaks for the rich. Stockman's confession -- revealing the rich contempt in which our rulers hold their poor undignified subjects -- has also produced cries of outrage from his former comrades in the cause of "supply side" economics (e.g. Jude Wanniski, Jack Kemp, Jeff Bell, Arthur Laffer). The betrayed Wanniski sneers (in the *Village Voice*, 11/18-24/81):

As we went into 1981 we were all waiting for the president to come back and cut taxes... Well what happened was that David Stockman said First we have to cut spending... On Stockman's argument, as the news came down the ticker tape that instead of spending going up Congress was cutting the budget, that should have brought a rally to the bond market. But the bond market yawned and went into a further slide... (So much for) the idea that our ills could be solved by eliminating the deficit...

Tax cuts *before* budget cuts, then, was supposed to be the scenario, Dave. A very good point; after all, though Wanniski is too smooth to say so, the government will never, ever cut back spending for *anything* but services for society's most defenseless, "expendable" members -- unless the multibillion-dollar flow of the nation's lifeblood into its budgetary coffers can somehow be staunched. This was the idea behind the supply-side "revolution". The revolution has failed. The only way we're going to get tax cuts now is to enact them ourselves, unilaterally.

Take the defense budget. It is not only grossly inflationary, open-ended, uncontrolled, and colossally wasteful, but counterproductive in terms of its supposed function: defense.. The weapons system the Pentagon wants to build don't work, are stupid, awkward, and obsolete. (See last year's eye-opening Spinney Report to Congress on U.S. military preparedness; also *The Baroque Arsenal* by Mary Kaldor.) What one critic says of the Army's binary nerve gas program can be said of virtually our entire defense posture:

Going ahead with binaries...sends a completely wrong signal to the Soviets, one that Reagan doesn't want to send, and that is that we're not serious. The four, five, or seven billion dollars that will be wasted are trivial compared with that. (Saul Hormats, quoted in "Invisible Wars" by Gene Lyons, *Harper's*, December 1981)

Are we serious? If the Pentagon were riddled with Soviet moles, we couldn't be doing worse than we are now. Unfortunately the built-in unalterable stupidities of defense appropriations, rigged "bidding" on contracts, the practice of guaranteeing profits to contractors, and secret funding for classified projects have the same effect as would a successful double-agent penetration. The permanent defense budget in this country ignores the actual physical defense of the nation's borders in favor of: (1) welfare payments to hopelessly unprofitable heavy industry (steel, electronics, aerospace, etc.); (2) domestic civil-disorder preparedness (the nerve gas, for instance); and (3) terrorist weapons for use against populations by unpopular regimes who are U.S. arms customers. (Parenthetically, it should come as little surprise that so many weapons in our rulers' arsenal seem designed to inflict maximum casualties on civilians as well as soldiers: from their systemic point of view our rulers' major problem is *too many people*. To salvage and maximize the profitability of existing capital, they really don't need all or even most of us.)

Marvellously eccentric General George Brown, among others, has been saying for some time (in the pages of *Aviation Week and Space Technology* and elsewhere) that the Soviets intend to fight WW III in outer space, and toward that end have developed laser- and particle-beam capacities in their orbiting "killer satellites". Obviously if our ICBMs can be atomized before even entering Soviet airspace, their much-touted properties will prove to be of little use offensively

or defensively.. On the other hand, if the U.S. were to match the Soviet weapons effort in the stratosphere, we might one day be treated to the spectacular fireworks of a nuclear engagement thousands of miles above our heads instead of in our backyards. Are our military geniuses thinking along these lines? Visibly, no.

How would it be possible to influence, much less start to scale down, the spending policies of this Permanent Government and Permanent Military Establishment? Wanniski is certainly right that cutting a few million or even a billion in state expenditures here and there, in a \$3 trillion economy that's running a conservatively-estimated \$3 trillion deficit, is a laughable measure, albeit one that's managed to placate us for the time being. How could we begin to get at the massive, unknown amounts of money handed over each year to the CIA, FBI, and god knows how many other noxious, paranoid, lawless excrescences of late industrialism? In short, is there any way left to affect the policy of "our" government?

A tax strike would be the only way.

By a tax strike I don't mean tax avoidance, the cause of the libertarian tax-resistance movement. While I respect the fierce, cockeyed-optimist independence and originality of these people, I disagree with their philosophy that all taxation is theft. There's no way a complex industrial culture can do away entirely with any central pooling and redistribution of resources -- although the confiscatory nature of bloated modern taxation lends new life to the old anarchist's words:

...The fact is that the government, like a highwayman, says to a man: "Your money or your life."... The government does not, indeed, waylay a man in a lonely place, spring upon him from the roadside, and, holding a pistol to his head, proceed to rifle his pockets. But the robbery is none the less a robbery on that account; and it is far more dastardly and shameful... (The highwayman) does not, in addition to robbing you, attempt to make you either his dupe or his slave. (No Treason: *The Constitution of No Authority*, by Lysander Spooner, 1867)

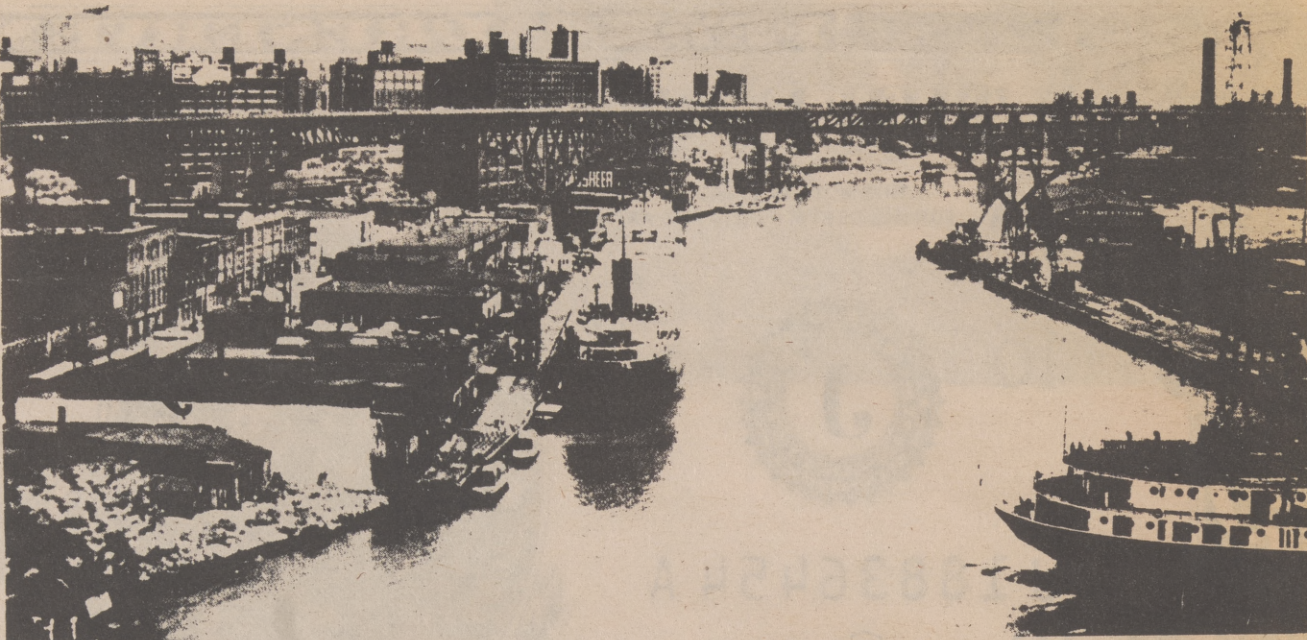
And I admit to using the W-4E form to prevent the withholding of 20% of my wages. "Withholding" was an emergency system devised during WW II and never dismantled. Why should

continued on page 16

a story by marta hoskins

January 7th 1982, Marta calls Jeff up at 10:30 a.m. She says Jeff, do you want to do something. He says, yeah o.k. Marta suggests going to see George. Jeff thinks that's o.k. She calls George, he says sure but he as to go to the post office. She says we'll give you a ride there. Marta drives 25 mph on snow covered streets from Cleveland Hts, down Lee Road, to Maple Hts. She sees Jeff crossing the road before she gets to his house. They go to Lawsons to buy milk. Marta is wearing a fur coat, and black velvet and feather hat. Jeff is wearing his leather. Marta buys cigarettes. At Jeffs house, his mother is sitting in the kitchen watching TV. Marta did not know soap operas were on so early in the morning. Jeffs room is spotless. It is 9' x 10', single bed, a dresser w/ a mirror, a bookshelf. Jeff lends Marta a basketball diary. She forgets it. He shows her a wooden candlestick, w/ a whole red candle in it. Concealing his voice he says, this was my Christmas present- they didn't know what to get me. Marta completely wrinkles up her face snickering. They go to the basement. Laundry hangs on lines over a green vinyl tile floor. In one corner is a mic stand, a small amp that says UBU Cleveland on it and an electric guitar. Jeff shows Marta very messy corner in the next room the only mess in the house. It is all Jeff's stuff Marta is relieved to see it. Jeff extracts a rod of paper as long as the pile - 8' long. In the room w/ the laundry, Jeff unrolls the paper. 3/12x8' paintings. They make her fall in love with Jeff. He says he wants to get more paper. He says the people at Cleveland State told him they thought he could have a show there. He said he was in school and got 2 A's and 2 F's. He didn't go to the classes he failed on the principle they stunk. He said he wanted to have a show and sell the paintings because he could make alot of money. Marta agrees. Jeff said a woman in a bar told him he'd be very rich when he was 35. Marta said she'd probably have some money but that she wouldn't be as rich as Jeff would. Marta can't imagine being w/ Jeff for a long period of time. They get in too big fights. Once he drove through downtown Cleveland in icy weather at 11 p.m. Saturday night, at 80 mph, through red lights down Euclid Ave. Marta didn't talk to him for a year. He remembers this. Marta says he must've been taking alot of drugs. Jeff says yes. Marta says she wants to be able to go to a spa in Europe and get a total body treatment. Jeff is grinning thinking about being rich. They are in the car. It is a 1977 Honda CVCC. The interior is smoke yellowed blue and white vinyland cloth. Its a nice car to drive though w/ a 5th gear. Marta likes to drive and she enjoys driving in the snow at night sliding sideways around corners. It is early afternoon. They drive over I-77 past J+L Steel then over W 140th street to George's house on Clifton Blvd. in Lakewood. Marta and Jeff park the car then walk around the back of the brick building up the open back stairway to George's apartment. Neither of them have been there before. Marta knocks on the door. George gets it. He is on the phone. The apartment is sweltering hot. His radiator is whistling and his stove door is open pouring out heat. Marta partially nauseated at the close smell of breath, mildewed towels and dried menstrual blood. She doesn't understand the menstrual blood smell. She thinks Jeffrey Beane "Red" smells like old menstrual blood also, and once got very mad at her younger sister for wearing her freshly dry cleaned sweater while wearing "Red". Marta is attracted to George. He slept at her house 2 nights before, being caught across town in a snow storm and his car's heater system wasn't working. Marta was embarrassed when he had leaned over and they had kissed softly relaxed and Marta saw her father glancing above his spectacles over his papers scattered across the dining room table. Marta and George had stayed up talking until 3 a.m. George went to sleep in her sisters warm carpeted room under a quilt and 2 fur coats while Marta slept in her own room waking with an icy nose and ears.

Marta and Jeff sit on Georges loveseat. Jeff leafs through a *Wet* magazine. Marta rolls her eyes, lights a cigarette. On the table in front of her is a typewriter and grant applications are strewn all over the place. George puts on a record and continues to talk on the phone. Marta is getting more and more excited from George even though he is in the other room. She is acting maternally toward Jeff. He acts like a little kid in return. She worries that she will hurt him. She is very attached to Jeff and doesn't understand it. When ever she tries to be close w/ him and he acts close to her, he acts like a jerk soon afterwards. She wishes they could live together even though she knows they would tear each other apart. This excites her. Jeff's car has a dead battery in downtown Cleveland. The only way to get into the car is to climb through the back window which is taped together. Marta suggests they all go down to charge Jeff's car. Marta wants Jeff to go so she can make out w/ George. George doesn't really care what they do and thinks its a good idea. Marta can't find any jumper cables in her car and George's trunk is iced over.



Cleveland's famed Cuyahoga River, twisting and turning, carries many thousands of lake and ocean, ore and coal freighters each year, to feed to feed the many steel mills in the Cleveland area.

Marta thinks about melting the ice on the lock but realizes the gas tank hole is there and remembers when she and her older sister were talking so much at a gas station when they couldn't get the gas tank hole open for the same reason they started lighting matches to melt it, then on the 3rd match looked at each other with wide eyes. Marta realizes she is not going to get to make out w/ George. Hiding her grudging attitude she drives Jeff to work. By this time it is 4:30, rush hour. It is really snowing now. They decide to get a cup of coffee. They go through public square. It takes them an hour to go 3 blocks. They decide against the coffee. Marta has to urinate badly. She drives down into the flats and drops Jeff off at yellow cab where he works. She asks if she can use the bathroom there and he tells her no, she wouldn't want to. Marta gets home before her father and quickly cleans the house for his medical meeting that night.

The next morning Marta drops her father off at the VA Hospital at 8 a.m. She has her camera. She wants to go photograph factories which she loves very much. She is on her way to see George. She has to drive 10-20 mph because Liberty Blvd and the Shoreway is totally iced over. It takes her 2 hours to get to Lakewood. She calls George from a pay phone 3 blocks from his house. The snow by the pay phone is 3 1/2 feet deep. George says yeah come over.

It takes her 15 minutes to get to his house after she almost got stuck turning around in a driveway. She walks into his building. She knocks on his door. No answer. Marta get the feeling someone else is in there. She hears a toilet flush. She thinks he must be in the bathroom. She waits until the water stops running, counts to 100 slowly and knocks again. George answers. The smell of the apartment sweeps out at her. George says he didn't think she'd be there so soon, he thought she was in Cleveland Hts. Marta is silently dying at her eagerness. There is someone sleeping in his bed. She notes the blankets and pillow on the floor too and without focusing turns into the kitchen. I'm sorry she whispers her face twisted w/ worry. George is touching her hands and knees telling her not to worry. They hug. It is George's friend Bruce who is sleeping in the bed. He gets up tells her good morning cheerfully and goes into the bathroom. Marta is wondering if George is gay. She's wondered that a few times. George tells Marta that he and Bruce had been up talking until 5 a.m. They really shouldn't have but did anyway. Bruce comes out and smokes 3 cigarettes. Marta is very cordial but can't wait until he leaves. He leaves. George and Marta plan out the day. They will

go to his family's house in Old Brooklyn. His mother wants to meet her, and there are lots of good factories there. O.k. Marta says after half an hour of talk, but first I want to snuggle with you for 15 minutes. George laughs. They grab each other arms and roll over onto the bed. They hold each other and kiss and get warm from each others clothes. Marta loves the feeling of a body in clothes, caught, bound, held with her and her own clothes tugging and rubbing her body. Marta suddenly get very sad. It isn't what she wants. She sighs and starts to think about factories again. George says hey, you said 10 minutes, it hasn't been 10 minutes yet. She smiles and they hug again. Marta has alot to talk about and George will listen to her. He is very understanding and can give her the reassurance she needs. Marta decided that yes she could make love with George, as he is falling asleep. She likes him and likes his body as well. She lays with him as he sleeps. She is relaxed and feels wonderful inside. She feels free to think clearly about all the things that have been bothering her. Her life in San Francisco where she doesn't feel comfortable, her school which she is not sure she needs, her affairs which were all like sleeping w/ bums, and her artwork which which had not happened since he left Cleveland. A wasted year and then the other side of the year, the miserable things she learned. She got up to go to the bathroom. George's hot water pipes are frozen. When she gets back on the bed George wakes up. They go to Old Brooklyn and walk down railroad tracks photographing factories.

Marta drives to Ann Arbor. She goes to her bank and takes her savings bonds and small wood inlay jewelry box out of a safe deposit box. She cashes a 25 dollar bond from 1962. The teller gives her 49 dollars. Marta spends the night at a friends house. They stay up the entire night - 13 hours discussing science and psychic sentimentality. Marta sleeps for 3 hours. Her friend Alex misses his bio-chemclass. Driving home in the car Marta feels very extreme. She realizes that all the things she tried to do during the last year that didn't work would only work if she was the prime motivator. She wants to have a band. She decides she wants Jeff to move out to San Francisco w/ her. She wonders how she can propose this to him.

In Cleveland she turns on the TV to General Hospital just as Laura is getting kidnapped and turns it off doubly despondent. She thinks that that is the end of her stay is Cleveland. She only watches General Hospital and knew Laura was going to get kidnapped for 6 months from watching an interview on the Merv Griffin Show. In real life Laura wanted to go to school. Marta only likes General Hospital because of Laura.

Marta and Jeff go to Night town. They wonder what to drink. Marta gets an amaretto and soda that's what she'd had New Years eves ago which was the last time she'd been there. Jeff pays for the drinks. He earned 50 dollars the night before. Once a rider had asked him if he sucked cock. Jeff said no, the rider held a gun to his head and demanded money. Jeff gave him what he had, the rider made him take off his socks to see if there was any money in there. There wasn't. Jeff told the cab co. he'd lost 130 dollars but he really lost only 35 dollars. Jeff said he always asked the radio dispatcher when given a choice of rider locations which is more dangerous. He said the lady always got a kick out of it.

Marta tells Jeff that something is going on between her and George. Jeff said I thought so, thats why I didn't call you before you went to Ann Arbor. They had talked about going up together, but Marta was afraid he'd make her wreck the car. Marta feels awkward around Jeff, a sort of heightened agitation of the senses and brain. Shyly she tell Jeff of her dream. She says that she would like him to come out and live w/ her, that she thinks they could live in the same places whether lovers or not. That if he wanted to come out and bring Jan she would help them find a place to live. She couldn't take living w/ Jan. Jeff says she wouldn't come out anyway. He asks her why him? Why not someone else. Why not George. Marta realizes Jeff is jealous. She says George and I are friends. But she also wonders why she is asking Jeff because she's already talked with George about him coming out to visit. Marta is scared that she acts too quickly but she is very excited about the movement she feels she controls. She says it is just an idea, something ot think about.

The next day Marta has a tea party. Nine people make it in the snow. Marta served tunafish and saltine crackers and olives and dill pickles for Jeff. He ate only the pickles. Marta wanted to see all the dishes in the house w/ only one saltine cracker on each one. The tea party was boring. Finally everyone left except for George, Bruce and Jeff. They decided to go to Mama Santas for a pizza. It is very obvious that Jeff is jealous. He acts like a brat at the table laughing and insulting the other diners. He makes a bad joke aimed at Marta about Herpes which she told him she had been scared during the last year after sleeping w/ someone who later told her he had the Herpes. Finally they go. Marta had only eaten 1 1/2 pieces. She hadn't been hungry for a week. Jeff was supposed to pick her up in his cab at 8:30 the next morning to take her to the airport. At 8:00 he called Marta's father was getting ready to go to church. He says my car would not start last night, I couldn't go to work. Marta understands but she says out of exasperation I'm going to kill you! Jeff says you're going to kill me!? No, she says I understand. Well it was nice to see you. I'll write. They say goodbye. Marta's father said that he expected it and and drove her to the airport.

1985: A PROPHECY

by Michael Peppe

written on the day of Ronald Reagan's
mass-supported *putsch*, Wed. Nov. 5, 1980

In 1985 there will be a war. The following nations will be involved:

The United States
China

England, West Germany and NATO

Canada
Mexico

Brazil and the Latin and South
American right wing

Turkey
Israel
Egypt
Saudi Arabia

South African and the African
right wing

Pakistan

Japan
Korea and ASEAN
Australia

VS

The Soviet Union

The Warsaw Pact

Cuba

The Latin and South American
left wing

Iran, Iraq and the entire Arab League,
except Saudi Arabia

Angola, Liberia, Uganda and the African
left wing

India

Vietnam

It will not be a thermonuclear holocaust. Neither will it be a limited nuclear war' it will be a conventional war with intermittent but closely self-monitored and controlled use of low-level nuclear weaponry, possible as a result of an agreement signed just previous to the conflict -- the agreement which, to the long-awaited relief of the spoiling, impatient super-powers, makes the war possible.

It will be the first truly global war: not the four theatres of the second world war but a world-extensive family of component conflicts, of varying degrees of extent and importance, so organically interdependent that the concept of a "theatre" itself will be inappropriate. The use of transcontinental and transoceanic missiles will further obscure any attempt at sub-division, at least until an objective history is written. To an extent greater than in any previous war, it will happen seemingly everywhere at once. It will be the first world conflict to intrude upon the Western Hemisphere and the contiguous United States.

It will not be "the end of civilization as we know it". As usual, the brunt of the devastation will occur in the Third World, which in certain areas will be nearly levelled. The industrialized North, however, will also see its mighty cultural empires swept away, and the grip of its despotic economic domination broken forever. In the aftermath, general confusion and misery will prevail, but in the long run the underdeveloped nations of the South will receive the greater benefit. The world economy as a whole will in one fell swoop be reduced to such a low level that it will be several decades before substantial exploitation between nations can resume, and by that time the South will have improved its stature generally to a level several times higher relative to the North than it currently enjoys. The absolute power of both the great super-powers will be irrevocably broken, though not immediately succeeded, as there will be for at least twenty years no truly vigorous economy to fill the gap. The ascent of China towards the position of the 21st century's dominant power will be accelerated. After the conflict is over to an extent greater than that following either of the first two world wars, there will for the first time be a true global community. A new organization, more comprehensive than either the League of Nations or the United Nations, will reflect this new economic order, and the increased economic proximity between North and South.

It will last three years. There will be no real "victor", though the forces of the capitalist right will fare perhaps slightly better due to superior armament -- the war will, after all, be initiated by the United States -- but, as in the Korean conflict, a treaty will signal the end of hostilities. There will be not more than one hundred million, and probably closer to eighty to eighty-five million, dead.

ideal death scenario

first, the brief slaughter of everyone else in my party
by the gorgeous brute, mane whipping

then: my pathetic scurrying on pinkish legs, the precious
intercom clattering as always: schemes, hopes, memories!

finally: the horrible soft pounding for perhaps three seconds (his six leaps, my
fifty!) and for the last narrow-hipped
instant
, that big, big weight on my shoulders, infinite regret
and infinite relief

michael peppe

People

weekly





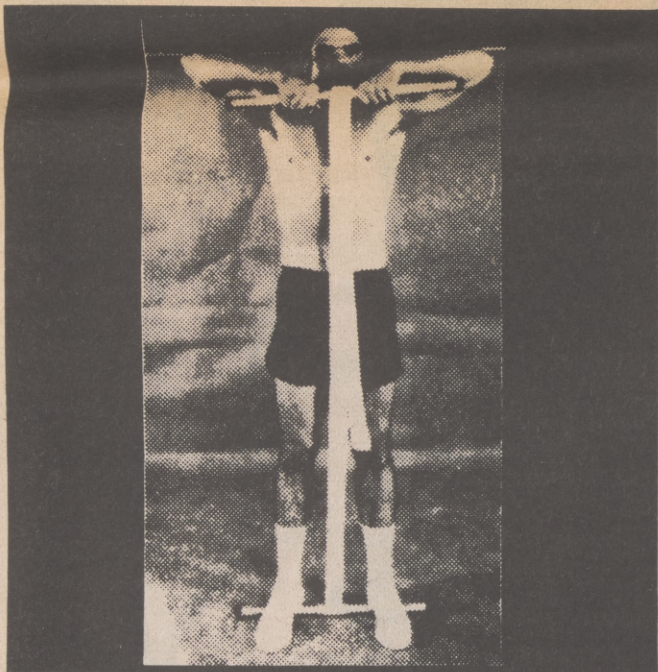
STORMS OF YOUTH

WHY PHYSICAL EDUCATION

By JOSEPH LANZ

PHYSICAL EDUCATION CONTINUES TO THRIVE IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND OTHER INSTITUTIONS DESPITE FACTORS IN OUR RECENT HISTORY INDICATING THAT THE HUMAN BODY IS ULTIMATELY PROGRAMMED TO SELF-DESTRUCT. Obsessed with keeping the population in constant activity, proponents of exercise fail to see that the age of the intrepid frontiersman is over and that our evolution has brought us to a sedentary existence where the virtues of coordination, strength and agility are obsolete. The advent of chemical additives, refined foods, industrial wastes, nuclear fall-out and the accompanying rise of emphysema, arteriosclerosis, leukemia and colon infection underscore how our biological entropy is simply the result of technological over-sophistication and that death should now be the organism's preoccupation rather than survival.

With pressure from the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports, the American Medical Association's Committee on Exercise and Fitness, not to mention pressure from the military and private enterprise, legislators still require compulsory exercise programs in classes of all ranges and continue to print propaganda convincing the public of the importance of intramural meatracks. Football scholarships and other incentive programs multiply despite gross cutbacks in other areas education. Sports rituals (which Reagan described in a recent interview with *Inside Sports* as "clean hatred") continue to monopolize television time and encourage juvenile delinquency and childhood aggression.



The medical profession is also to blame since its puerile methods of treating the ailment rather than the cause can only deem disease as something negative which must be cured; whereas a holistic approach would view disease as just a natural function of the body's interaction with a diseased environment, revealing that any attempts to abate its growth are futile and ridiculous.

Physical education is founded solely on an archaic wish to return to pre-industrial savagry and once again defecate with the wombats in the woods. Denying the fact that we should while the remainder of our time like invalids in intellectual reverie, exercise advocates would rather we scamper around in a rat maze of hurdles and obstacle courses than sit down to think at all. Physical education is predicated on the refusal to grow up, to hop off the infantile trampoline and real-

ize that we must fulfill a mission more important than our physical survival and that hunting and aggressive game-playing are no more intrinsic to our phylogenetic heritage than the spread of cancer.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION IS INHERENTLY MISOGYNISTIC. The theories behind it confirm what many feminists have suspected all along: that our culture is fraught with linguistic associations connecting masculinity with life and all things good and femininity with death and all things bad. The mere advocacy of a trim, muscular, agile body implies that the image of the fleshy, wispy trollop women have been forced to emulate is truly undesirable while anything strong, hearty and manly is superior. Since soft modern living threatens this image of manhood, physical educators fear that the entire population is becoming supine. While submissive females are necessary to goad male ego and propagate the species, there is panic whenever the entire society takes on the characteristics of a bed-ridden brood mare. Now that the concept of a "he-man" is ready for

the wax museum, women are also encouraged in aerobics and other strength building drills not out of sexual equality, but because femininity is much more expendable than sacrosanct virility. Since women are naturally predisposed to carry more adipose tissue than men, exercise is ultimately intended to alter, if not totally destroy, the female form.

Another problem that validates physical education and, concurrently, insults women is the misguided effort of some feminists who feel that liberation entails indulging in the locker room antics once exclusive to men. Proving that women can also excel in sports further justifies the implied supremacy of masculine aggression, competition and self-mastery at the expense of more endearing traits such as weakness, effeminacy and languor. Instead of paving the way to a utopian society of weaklings, much feminism simply works to rid women of qualities men find repugnant and does not reassess those qualities to make them look glamorous.

Upholding the Judeo-Christian assault on all things that reek of being feminine and passive, physical educators have kept women psychically downtrodden while encouraging rivalry, larceny, ambition, anti-intellectualism and other evils providing the grease for free enterprise's smooth run.

Of course, proponents of physical education have more "viable" arguments than those who oppose. After all, how were great nations made? Great battles fought? How else is one to justify how most people living today are the product of crude cross-breeds resulting from the rape of women captured in conquered regions? How can one explain that even conception and gestation are acts of piracy, forcing the lethargic, solitary egg into exhausting stages of regeneration to meet the sperm's selfish needs? When one goes beyond all

the current social-psychological dogma affecting women in society and begins to probe the mythos and genology of our entire race, one finds that the woman is cast as the villain in the life struggle even though life parasitically clings to her, that physical education is merely a preliminary crash course on male sexual conquest, that to be a true feminist entails being anti-exercise, and to be pro-feminist necessitates being pro-death.

IT IS NO MERE COINCIDENCE THAT AN INCREASE IN AMERICAN PHYSICAL EDUCATION PROGRAMS IN THE 1930's CORRESPONDS TO THE RISE OF FASCISM. Even though the institution of physical education programs has been masterminded by government-corporate collusion since the Civil War, it was not until the late 1930's, when men were too flabby to raise havoc overseas, that plans to improve fitness were devised on a grand scale. While Hitler complained that Germany was too dainty and needed to be knocked back into shape, 44 states in the U.S. had already passed laws requiring compulsory exercise classes. It seems the

SHOULD BANNED

Nazis and the United States has "languor" as a mutual enemy; and she was a more formidable threat than the two opposing sides could ever be for each other.

To inculcate this new propaganda, gymnastic language had to be more current and more appealing. Invocations to Johnny Appleseed and Daniel Boone were not sufficient. So, the "past-time" of exercise became the "science" of exercise, and the gymnasium was likened to a mammoth laboratory fit to manufacture armies of Frankenstein warlords overnight. The then current preoccupation with the machine and thermodynamics made exercise much more attractive. The human body was now challenged to rival the perseverance and clock work brawn of sleek motors, pistons and generators. At the same time, Mussolini had incorporated the philosophy of the Italian Futurist Movement in proclaiming the virtues of the machine age where masculine assertion would once again be vindicated amid the effete, lazy decadence responsible for Rome's fall. The fact is that the American government, though differing with the Axis powers in territorial concerns, had made a tacit ideological pact with them to build its soldiers on the exact, same guidelines and then see which best man would win.

AFTER WORLD WAR II, THE RISE OF AMERICAN AFFLUENCE WAS THE BEST INDICATOR THAT TECHNOLOGY WAS ESSENTIALLY DESIGNED TO INDUCE CORPULENCE AND HEART DISEASE. During the 1950's up until 1963 when the federal government enacted its most blatant form of sabotage by erecting the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports, exercise advocates were compelled to find ways to convince the public that isometrics were important even though the big war was over and there was plenty of time for loafing. The population was gradually getting soft, enjoying its numerous electrical appliances,



hiding its noses in books and thinking up subversive thoughts against national policies and leadership. Despite Joe McCarthy's efforts to discredit the man of intellect, physical educators still felt the need to join forces with the television industry, hoping that exercise instruction, a la Jack La Lanne, may be promoted on the tube, discouraging people from pursuing peculiar intellectual whims. Even intellectual circles were being won over, rejoicing over the restless molecular mania discovering in quantum field theory as well as the macho antics of Abstract Expressionism in its rejection of "passive" representational painting for the "dynamic" interplay of color, line and space.

Though the prospect that lazy Americans would actually do jumping-jacks was remote, television executives agreed to run a few exercise shows only if fitness advocated down-played recent studies showing that TV contributed to obesity. Networks also put less stress on the fine arts and developed situation comedies and adventure stories in which characters moved around a great deal and where action or bare essentials of plot camouflaged any intellectual or theoretical message. There were also televised ball games followed by children's shows teaching kids that cutting up paper was better than daydreaming. The hope was that if people move moved little on their own and stood mesmerized by that glowing ray in the living room, they could at least be exposed to other people and things in motion. The result of this method of vicarious exercise were astounding. To this day, the action story still has priority and new computerized home video games keep viewers engaged with objects hopping all around the screen. The idea that television has produced a generation of shiftless Milquetoasts is found to be a myth once one realizes that, through media, hyperactivity and aggression have merely been cerebralized, and that a massive rampage of tube-weaned humanoids is inevitable.

BE FROM

However, in the past few years, physical education proponents have broken their vow of silence and publicly proclaim vigorous activity over spectatorship. The age of voyeur incubation is over youth are being called back into the streets. With sports now a major enterprise, young people are being rounded like cattle to be future all-stars. Now the dangers of roller-skating, mountain climbing and surfing have re-emerged. Even the pampered bourgeoisie are being led to take an interest in "bodywork" with classes in modern dance, rolfing, polarity therapy, orthobionomy and other forms of sensual massage. So, media and corresponding technological innovations are spawning products and methods to suit the current nostalgia for the body and a life of action, nullifying their original purpose of de-evolution.



EXERCISE RELIEVES TENSION, NEUTRALIZES BODY IMPURITIES AND DELAYS THE GROWTH OF DISEASES AND HALLUCINATORY OBSESSIONS WHICH ARE A NECESSARY ADJUNCT TO THE TERMINATION OF THE SPECIES. Because the body's atavistic longing for activity is the final obstacle in human evolution, exercise is a cultural wart that enables the body's parasitic nature to thrive undisturbed. The more time is taken for exercise, the more the body requires. When people habitually work out, they must continually increase their dosage. As long as neuro-muscular skills are activated, the mind is disposed to little else than constant interaction with the environment at the expense of withdrawn introspection. The body's needs are top priority. Just as exercise trims the body of excess baggage, so does it snip away all the mind's solisistic slutter, relegating intellect to perfunctory matters such as operating a pocket calculator, passing a bar exam and learning a word processor. If left to its own designs the intellect would become less empirical and more prone to engage in flights of hysterical fancy. The brain, doing its most impressive work when the oxygen supply is limited and when the metabolism is unbalanced, has no chance of developing the morbid, schizophrenic insights forever seeking expression.

Since idle time is necessary for a neurosis or psychosis to be fully cultivated, exercise dissipates precious anxieties to the service of "constructive" activity. Cardio-vascular endurance, for instance, keeps the head free of lingering thoughts. Many who jog brag of a renewed life and a more positive outlook, not realizing the disservice they bring on themselves by avoiding morose fetishes. In most calisthenics, head and heart are slaves to motor instincts. Worst of all, exercise provides catharsis (that masculine urge to relieve the pressure of inner demons by shooting them out into space) and keeps suicidal urges tucked away in dreams. Vigorous physical activity also causes ductless, suprarenal and thyroid glands to secrete fluids which prevent the autonomic nervous system from malfunctioning. It also threatens to prevent the organism from acquiring other desirable properties such as dyspepsia, dysentery, anorexia, insomnia, nausea and cardiac arrest. As a result,

all tension and frustration are never allowed to accumulate and ferment. The psyche's goal to push stress beyond levels of human tolerance is balked, and the saturnine visions abounding in the otherwise morimund brain are left untapped.

THE IDEAL CLASSROOM SHOULD FOSTER AN ENVIRONMENT NURTURING THE DEVELOPMENT OF INDOLENCE, ANEMIA AND WEAK CHARACTER. Health experts, alarmed that 1 out of every 6 children is supposedly underdeveloped, forever impel educators to allow at least 1/2 hour of vigorous exercise per day. Many educators (somewhat aware of physical education's dangers) have fought tooth and nail to keep it out of all curricula, but to no avail. Despite insistence from pressure groups, concerned teachers should still try to incorporate methods of reversing the already ludicrous effects that intituted isometrics have caused.

Teachers should devote time to developing counter-exercises. For example, one could re-design the



Recovery Index Test (used in schools to detect respiratory rate) and gear children to make their pulse rate below the accepted cardio-vascular level. A weakening of morale is also essential: an accurate record should be kept of all sports figures approaching their 50's to illustrate how repulsive older athletes look when their muscle tissue atrophies and sags. Classical conditioning techniques are also important: conventional gymnastics should be assigned just after the class has heavy meal, rhythmes exercises should be conducted at an uneven beat, push-ups should be performed on a water mattress only partially filled. One may want to set one day aside exclusively for napping where an alarm is set to sound ever hour, thereby curtailing normal sleep patterns, upsetting the digestive system and increasing possibilities of future heart failure.

Since most physical education programs are designed to ostracize those who cannot perform to optimum standards, peer group aspirations should be directed to those most sified and comatose. Any type of strenuous exertion or healthy play should be represented as a tedious affair requiring more effort than it is worth. While devising such an itinerary, instructors should also be aware of promising sign that efforts to disorient the child are successful. These signs include persistent breathlessness, bluing of lips, fainting spells, genital tumors, muscle spasms and decreased resistance to fatigue and depression.

ALL LIFE STRIVES TO BECOME INANIMATE AND ATHLETES ARE NECROPHILES. Life is already dead. Its epitaph is scrawled throughout its genetic blueprint. One has only to see the lesson revealed in modern physics where the seemingly vibrant sub-atomic world is really struggling to be as static as the impotent observer peering into the microscope. The technology that has manipulated environments to insure man's survival was never far from death even though it was painstakingly engineered with the most life-affirming intentions. The splitting of the atom, far from changing our way of thinking, has actually reinforced our inherent impulse to explore and destroy nature simultaneously. Nuclear holocaust is the end product of science's athletic curiosities, and the Pentagon is the gymnasium at full maturity. The nuclear arms race is the logical outcome of a muscular ambition to challenge and dominate. The removal of physical education merely increases our feeble chance for a painless demise rather than the violent one which, until now, has been our only option.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

"I've got to meet with Fred Sherwood tomorrow, after that I'm officially on leave." Elizabeth smiled and took his arm.

"Hold me Richard. Hold me close."

Elizabeth's dream:

"I saw streams of people flowing from all directions. All were blind, stone blind. All made straight for the edge of the precipice. They acted as though they were being forced, but there was nobody there. There were shrieks as they knew themselves falling and a tossing up of helpless arms, catching, clutching at empty air. But some went over quietly and fell without a sound."

Fred Sherwood owns a rubber plantation, a cement factory, and a textile mill; where Richard meets him. He is led past black weavers working on assembly lines and sweating freely. They earn on the average 4.50 for a ten hour day.

Excerpts from Fred Sherwood's conversation:

"I don't think there has been a hundred and twenty people of all types assassinated here in the last year. I'm not counting peasants or men of that category. There were a couple of politicians assassinated a couple years ago, but believe me, they're way out in left field... They're against our way of life. Maybe assassination is not the right word for it, but I don't think they should be allowed to run free to try to destroy our form of government. Our way of life in other words."

"We have a large labor market and the workers are very good. You teach them and they don't mind doing the same thing day after day. Routine. Americans usually like a variation, but here the people do the same thing day after day, and they're good."

"The government is very cooperative. We have no restrictions as regard to environmental things. There are just no restrictions or rules at all, so that makes it nice."

They stood on the jetty the next evening. Before them stretched the broad Atlantic. At their backs was the Dark Continent. Close around them loomed the impenetrable blackness of the jungle. Savage beasts roared and growled; noises, hideous and wierd, assailed their ears. A hundred times they were startled by piercing screams or the stealthy moving of great bodies nearby.

"Take me, Richard," she whispered. Slowly, deliberately, he stripped her clothes off. Without a word he lowered her to the ground and savagely, cruelly, ravished her.

Above the bodies a young girl carrying a palm frond held her nose because of the smell.

Elizabeth's second dream:

"Last night I dreamed that God took me to the pits of hell and opened the gates and let me see what it was really like and said I would go there unless I obeyed him. I saw faces of all kinds of people, yellow, black, red, and white. They were not glad to see me, for they snarled and shook their fists at me, and could they have reached me, they would have torn me to pieces because it was my fault they were in hell. Not only that, but I saw some friends there too, such agony and suffering that they were going through, and all because I had refused to mind God."

Extract from Richard's diary from the same evening:

"She does not see that she is preparing a poison which will destroy us both; and I drink deeply of the draught that is to provide my destruction."

And from the day after:

"The next stage is the stage of corrupting others."



Illustration by A. Noble

fields of despair

an excerpt from a novel in progress by D.M. Crowther

Approaching his 50th birthday and still not free of alcoholism, Richard tried to explain to Elizabeth that he was a very different man from the one she had married many years before. She would not accept that fact. She wanted the passion and ecstasy of their early love, and begged for a dramatic remarriage in Africa, the Dark Continent. "That's where I would like us to be married again," she said. "In the bush, among our kind."

They stood on the jetty the next morning, Sunday. The first light lay in cold strips along the eastern sky. Neither spoke, but occasionally Elizabeth would look into Richard's face, her eyes bright. Soon the vil-

lagers on their way to church would make a grisly discovery. Elizabeth smiled enigmatically. The bodies of an uncle and his two nephews who had been shot Saturday night. "In triumph?" thought Richard "Well it sure as hell wasn't wisdom!" Their thumbs were tied together, a method police use. Richard turned away from her and stared at the sea. The uncle was blindfolded. His face was creased deeply from alcohol and worry. All were shot at close range with an automatic rifle. He knew he was making a mistake and he was too weak to do anything about it. Above the bodies a young girl carrying a palm frond held her nose because of the smell. Friends and relatives say the dead men were never involved with politics. A friend says Richard and Elizabeth were never involved with politics, though Elizabeth was once married to a senator.





The time is now. It is the year of the simple message. The style is imitation, the technique to cheat. The world has abandoned the lion eagle ox in favor of the 30 second spot. There are no presents for children, everything is obvious, envy has erased all sympathetic response. Fire burns on unencumbered by water, uninspired by air. This is a description of mediocrity. There is more headroom but one's feet are forced into slippers of steel. Pride holds the multitudes in a continual process of readornment. The sun sets and rises without saturation of the senses, rises and sets without redemption of the soul. Approaching the azimuth now, the sun condenses its message to opposites, there will be good fortune, there will be evil.

tax dodge

continued from page 7

taxpayers give the government a free capital loan all year of billions it isn't entitled to, while the prime lending rate is in double digits??

Be that as it may. The fact is that the IRS, whose Tax Court decisions can't be appealed, sooner or later smashes all isolated tax protesters and even small tax-revolt groups -- with Mafia tactics, raids, huge fines, and jail sentences. The only hope for a tax strike with the goal of *changing national policy* -- not just saving a few bucks for the antisocial "little guy" -- would be if it were *almost universally honored*. (The same law applies to successful draft resistance and indeed to any successful class action.) At least two preconditions must be met: first, that people be angry/desperate enough, and second that they be generally agreed on the direction in which they want to pressure government programs and policy. Neither of these conditions presently obtains. Which is not to say they won't tomorrow. But right now our smug and condescending rulers have no fear of our undertaking any such deliberate, decisive action; they know us only too well; they take us no more seriously than we take ourselves.



physical ed.

continued from page 13

We have now come to a curve in our revolutionary journey where the sickly are the gifted and those who survive are the true losers. Life is bored with its relentless quest for territory and power; there is no longer a climate for male camaraderie, virile leadership or a show of force. Every inch of newly acquired muscle starts to depreciate the moment it develops. Athletes strive to maintain a prime physique only to appear years later on talk shows in polyester leisure suits, exhibiting their drooping postures, pre-mature wrinkles and middle age paunch. Virile men come to look more like their weary, bed-worn wives than the heroic icons they were once supposed to be.

Enthusiasm surrounding the World Series or the Olympic Decathlon should be muffled with a funereal stupor. The free, supple spirit is an embarrassing anachronism. Physical education prospers under the bogus assumption that life is not intrinsically problematic, that frustration can be neutralized with intense work-outs. It frowns upon the realities of human wretchedness and stoic despair. More teachers are realizing this and trying to show students how humans, so long trying to deny being descended from the ape, continue to behave like orangutans asserting their dominion over the jungle.

The super-annuated spectres of physical prowess are now being resuscitated for fashion trends, grade "B" movies and plastic sexual fantasies. That is all athletics are anyway: a farce, a pipe-dream whose apologists are deluded enough to think that we could actually dance to our doomsday rather than crawl.

performance art

continued from page 5

slides, costumes, films, masks, tapes, instruments, video, props, sound effects, lighting effects, etc., as if the mere vegetable-slicer demonstration of the paraphernalia theatre sufficed to produce a dramatic moment. These are, after all, the artists who Always Wanted to Be On Stage, but until the advent of performance art were thankfully denied this indulgence by the stuffy philistine rule that they first acquire either the talent or the skill to handle it. What these artists don't realize is that art is first a job, a cultural role both indispensable and uniquely valuable, which like most jobs requires talent-plus-training (or, rarely, prodigal genius), and at which one labours as if one were being remunerated handsomely. Because one is precisely so remunerated, not in social or economic currency but in the doing of it; if not, then the work has probably been insufficiently paid for, in time, effort and risk. In other cultures or eras this stipulation probably warns of the indolent and the hobbyists; in performance art it seems to have attracted them. One hears that economic depressions do wonders for such situations: entertainers flourish, slack-fingered artists flake off and the strongest teeth sink in. One can only hope...

THE SOUND ART PERFORMANCE

Of this there are two varieties, respectively the nun and whore of New Wave "new music":

1. The Sculptor and His New Synthesizer. (For "sculptor" you may also substitute "Poet", "Dancer", "Punk Rocker", etc, anything but "Musician"). Lockstep rhythm, kindergarten melodies, pleasure-center timbres, earsplitting dynamics, novacained emotions, comic book ambience. The idea being that since the synthesizer is really more like a section out of a neat spaceship-dashboard than an instrument, and since as we all know in our modern era music is just sound, anyone can play. If it sounds right switch to it. And so we are treated to the thrilling spectacle of adolescent gadget-fascination, and a demonstration at 100 db. of the games every child plays upon first touching a piano: Tinkle Soft Way Up High, Loud Then Soft Then Loud, Spooky Like In the Movies, Get Faster and Faster, etc. Unfortunately the audience, if it wishes to be appreciative, has only one game; Pretend.

2. Noise Art. Like the first variety of Sound Art, also by non-musicians, but using, besides electronics, electrical instruments, machines, and generally any sound-producing object. Here the world, which in the artist's own idiom may have been a subtle, finely-controlled, even beautiful thing, must suddenly become loosed from its moorings. For these artists music is secretly a kind of enemy: for the intellectual perhaps a symbol of rampant irrationality; for the visual artist a regrettably undeveloped potential, and hence despised; for the sculptor, an object, with scarcely a temporal dimension; for the punk rebel, the hated status quo: Authority with the purchase of their ARP, Mini-Moog, egg-beater or what-have-you, they at long last drop behind enemy lines. A conspiracy is uncovered, and a cover-up exposed: music is really noise! For its crimes the sound is bound, disciplined, drawn and quartered. Certainly its pathetic mewlings are not heeded. If they were perhaps the discovery would be made that is made by musicians in childhood: that some sounds are more interesting than others, and that the more of the former and the less of the latter the better. And later perhaps the next step: that music is less the creation of a sound than the listening to it; that aural beauty emerges not from the response of a motor activity to some cerebral psychopolitical command but from a microphone feedback loop which begins with listening, if at first only to silence, and which may be summarized: 1. Listen. 2. Change what you hear. 3. Listen to that.

The idea of noise as music is of course nearly as old as this century, beginning in the teen with Russolo and the Italian Futurists and continuing with Varese in the thirties, Pierre Schaeffer (musique concrete) in the forties, Stockhausen (electronics) in the fifties, and most non-western cultures since prehistory. The problem is that in order to make noise or for that matter anything else into *good* music you have to *listen* to it, and most of the new noise-musicians are prevented from doing so, since every cubic inchsecond of spacetime is usually filled with an opaque block of sound, with every frequency from the lowest to the highest represented. (This task of listening is incidentally the primary struggle of the beginning musician and his biggest pitfall: his solos are continuous rows of notes with nary a rest to shape them into coherent phrases. Music, then, is not so much knowing when to start as when to *stop*.) One of the few groups or individuals to have pulled off noisemusic successfully is D.N.A., precisely because although what they play is assaultive and has a high noise-to-standing-wave ratio, they leave a great number of holes in it, through which the beginnings and endings of the noises can be listened to. They understand that music, like sculpture, is less an assertion of what hadn't existed until then than a four-dimensional *subtraction* in a special shape from what was already there. The world of the mundane and the phenomenal is thereby stripped away to reveal what had been responsible for it all along: beauty.

Indeed, one gets the definite impression that today, seventy years after its introduction the idea of noise as music is supposed by these artists to be revolutionary, or even mildly irritating. I would submit rather that these ostensible acts of revolt are simply symptoms of terminal timbral Tin Ear, and that these people just *can't carry a noise in a bucket*. More likely, they're probably also the people who don't block their ears when the fire truck goes by, and sleep during Van Halen.

THE SOUND-POETRY PERFORMANCE

This bearded and flannel-shirted fellow has been watching the antics of Ginsberg, Patty Smith, Jim Carroll and the Fugs with envy. He's been laboring in his garret for small press publications for years, enjoying quite none of the pop stardom *People* magazine convinces him is available now even to artists, and he wants in. He wants to be Up There. And performance art is, naturally, just what the doctor ordered. So he's off for the footlights. Soon his subtle, introspective images, once capable of nuance and bittersweetness, are being shouted at the shrill top of his lungs, declaimed with fake theatricality, repeated until drained of power, distracted from by silly gestures and fragmented by experiments in pronunciation ill-considered and arbitrary. He would have his poetry considered a kind of music, but his voice has little tonal, dynamic, rhythmic or expressive variety. Considering the pedestrian beat, predictable repetition-counts and shallowness of effect to his "musical" devices, his influences are less Karl Schwitters, Pierre Henri and Luciano Berio (artist who began working in the form 50, 20, and 30 years ago respectively), than the Barry's Gibb and Manilow. He would also have his poetry considered a kind of theatre, as if theatre were merely fake extroversion, odd gestures and "Actorly" insincerity. Worse, in his rush to work in the New Form, he has neglected to include the *poetry*, and has usually replaced it with some quite ordinary language-fragments successfully as neither music nor theatre nor poetry. But now this little concerns him: his name instead of going unread in literary magazines and chapbooks is now on posters and in newspapers, listed, rather misleadingly, under "Events".

As you may have guessed from the creative vacuum here described, the writer currently lives in the San Francisco Bay Area. Nonetheless I have lived in several other major cities in recent years, including New York (three of the last four), Los Angeles, New Orleans and Boston, and consider myself decently well-informed of developments in performance, and would submit that this unfortunate situation prevails nationwide. I have, however, in the last year or so witnessed at least in the Bay Area three exceptions: the work of performance artists Mark Pauline, Jeff Stoll and George Coates.

These artists are utterly dissimilar from one another and by no means constitute anything remotely resembling a movement, or even a trend. Jeff Stoll is a young visual artist who performs small-scale solo events in galleries and underground space; George Coates directs higher-budget, professionally-skilled ensembles in larger, more traditionally theatrical settings; Mark Pauline is New Waver who builds and operates physically-dangerous Performance Machinery at various outdoor urban locales. I do not plan to make the obligatory futile familia conceit that some kind of an empirical inventory will suffice to smoke out the physical wisdom of an event whose very purpose it is to transcend such inventory. Each deserves, indeed *requires* a separate article unto itself, or at least more than a few easily-misinterpretable cubbyhole-stickers from my mind's cultural trashroom. (In all honesty I don't believe any art should be reviewed, period, and that's why I have not done so to any particular artist or work in this essay. Great art doesn't need my dry hand-outs, and bad art has already killed itself. That is, beauty is that to [which the heart opens, heedless of the assistance of my critical pounding fist, and non-beauty hammers incessantly in vain.] They risk, they labor, they have courage. There is something they would like us to see; a kind of gift. They give it either because they love us or because they love the world we're in, though of course none of them would admit to such a thing (Who would admit to such an atrocity of judgement?). Theirs is a psychosis which makes our own desperate suppressions appear mild and over-polite, but which at the core is generated by a volcanic saneness. Still, these are unquestionably the exceptions. What can be done about the rest of this halitotic idiom, this Thalidomide Muse with neither eyes nor ears but only a gigantic sucking mouth? Easy. Ignore it. Go to a movie, read a book, attend a concert, dance. Without witless, autonomically-clapping audiences like ourselves to feed on, performance art faces the same choice we do: mutate or die.

STORMS OF YOUTH

BENEFIT

A DISMAL FLOP?

Well, it wasn't quite that bad. True, we ended up with 80 dollars less than we had before the "benefit" and attendance was a bit low but on the other hand we had lots of fun, and all the "in", "hip" scenemakers came (not many of them paid however) and the *Wild Women of Borneo* got some New York gigs on the basis of their great set (which was only slightly marred when Joy threw up in the middle) and the *Church Police* all sprained their arms and consequently all played different instruments than usual or something to that effect, any way opinion was rather divided on them, but I think everyone agreed they couldn't play, it was whether or not you liked the noise... *The Animal Things* came off the Vegas professionals compared to the first two acts and did a great set as always with Vince agonizing foppishly over every word, whatever he said... then everybody left except the hardcores who had been sitting patiently (or drunkenly) through the ART BANDS to see the headlining act *Crucifix* (so much for intergrating the scene) who played furiously until 2:00 provoking a brilliant beer can fight toward the last. *STORMS* editor Aaron Noble ran back and forth pretending to be busy and complaining that everybody was making brilliant jokes at his expense while former design director Howard Maier nodded out by the door and production chief Dan Loeb sold beer out of his coat pocket. *STORMS* favorite essayist Marian Kester was spotted wearing a *Damage* T-shirt and frugging to Rap music between bands. It's so difficult to tell what's hip anymore...

Lucky *STORMS* staffer Mark Christensen was assigned the enviable position of band equipment guard and spent the show fraternizing intimately with the glamorous stars... Is it true what they say about the *Wild Women*, Mark?

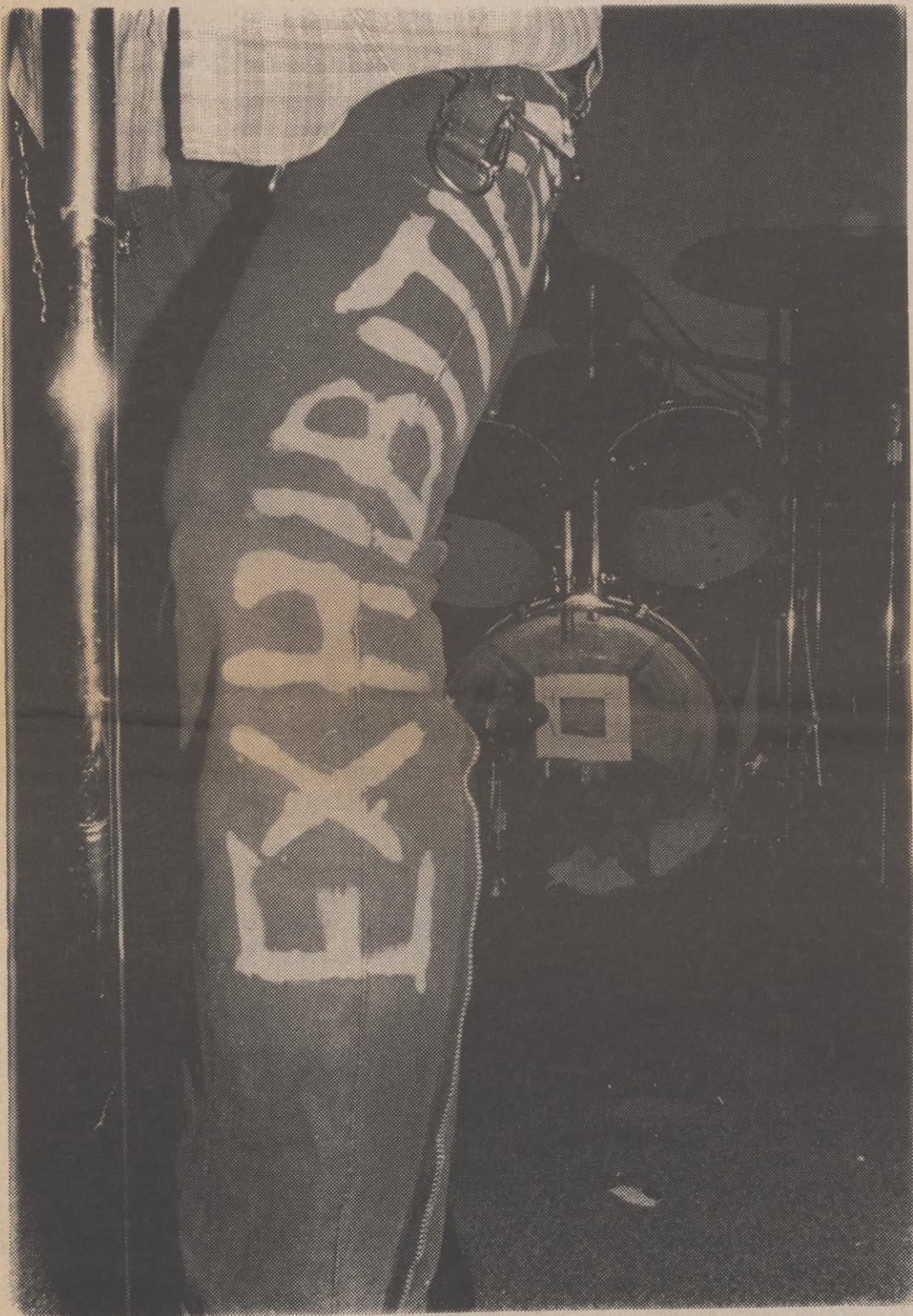
O.K. THATS ENOUGH OF THIS SHIT.

These are the facts:

A. We charged too much and didn't publicize enough, and screwed up on the beer license. It's our own fault that we didn't make any money.

B. There is no longer a cohesive support structure or scene in S.F. There are fragments: hardcore which supports no one, not even themselves; remnants of the original Punk scene which has nothing left to support; and I don't feel like classifying whats left. New strategies are in order.

STORMS OF YOUTH WOULD LIKE VERY MUCH TO THANK *CHURCH POLICE*, *WILD WOMEN OF BORNEO*, *ANIMAL THINGS*, AND *CRUCIFIX*; AND JILL AND SAM AND EVERYONE ELSE AT *TARGET VIDEO*.



PHOTOS BY DAVID GADD

I N T E R V I E W S

CHIC TELEPHONE INTERVIEW WITH JOY
OF *WILD WOMEN OF BORNEO*

BAND MEMBERS: KILLER, PATTY MAE,
DEBBIE, BEAVER, JOY, EVERYBODY PLAYS
DIFFERENT THINGS AND SINGS.
GOOD SONGS: KABUKI LOVE, FOOT AND
COCK, BASIC OF HEY JOE.

WWB IS INTERESTED IN GOING IN-DEPTH
INTO MANY AND VARIED TOPICS
BEST LYRIC: "IT'S A WHORE'S WORLD AND
IT'S MY MOTHERS WORLD."

JOY TOYS WITH THE IDEA OF ASSASSINA-
TION FREQUENTLY BUT SHE DOESN'T
KNOW IF IT'S A SOLUTION; SUBTLER TAC-
TICS ARE USUALLY MORE IN ORDER, SUBT-

WILD WOMEN
OF BORNEO



W. W. B. CONT.

LER BUT NOT NECESSARILY LESS VIOLENT, IT DEPENDS.

JOY DOES HER LAUNDRY AS INFREQUENTLY AS POSSIBLE AS SHE OWNS 3000 PIECES OF CLOTHING.

JOY THINKS CHRISTIANS SHOULD TURN THE OTHER CHEEK.

WWB DON'T CARE IF PEOPLE CALL THEM PUNKS, IN FACT, THEY DON'T GIVE A FLYING FUCK WHAT THEY CALL THEM, SLUT, PUNK, ARTY, CHRISTIAN, WHATEVER.

JOY THINKS WE CHARGED TOO MUCH AT THE BENEFIT AND THEY HAD TO WAIT TOO LONG TO PLAY.

JOY HAS NEVER READ *STORMS OF YOUTH*, SHE READS *PEOPLE* AND SOMETIMES *HUSTLER*.

JOY ADMITS TO BEING AN ARTIST AND SHE DOESN'T MIND IF YOU CALL HER THAT ALONG WITH CHRISTIAN AND SLUT.

JOY'S ADVICE TO YOUNG PEOPLE: "CUT LOOSE AND GO FOR IT." (THIS IS STUPID -ED).

JOY DIDN'T WANT TO SLANDER ANYBODY IN PRINT AS SHE PREFERENCES FACE TO FACE CONFRONTATIONS AND MOTOR VEHICLE ATTACKS.

WWB HAS VERY SHORT TERM STRATEGIC PROJECTIONS, THEY PLAY ONCE A MONTH (MORE IS TOO MUCH OF A STRAIN) AND RIP UP AS MUCH TURF AS POSSIBLE.

JOY SAYS SHE DOESN'T WANT TO BE FAMOUS, SHE'S HAD MONEY BEFORE AND IT'S NOT WHAT IT'S CRACKED UP TO BE. JOY SAYS YOUNG PEOPLE SHOULD TRY TO BE INDEPENDANT AND NOT RELY ON BIG STRUCTURES BECAUSE THEY CORRUPT YOU.

CHIC TELEPHONE INTERVIEW WITH BRUCE AND ERIC OF CHURCH POLICE

BAND MEMBERS: BRUCE: BASS AND DRUMS, ERIC: BASS, SONGS, TIM: SONGS, DRUMS, BASS, DAVE: GUITAR.

BRUCE WAS DRUNK OR SOMETHING AND TOLD ME A BORING STORY ABOUT LOOKING FOR AN ALICE COOPER RECORD IN A CHRISTIAN BOOKSTORE.

- Q. DO YOU MIND BEING CALLED PUNKS?
A. WHATEVER.
Q. DO YOU THINK ASSASSINATION IS A SOLUTION?
A. FOR WHAT? WHATEVER.
Q. HOW OFTEN DO YOU DO YOUR LAUNDRY?
A. EVERY WEEKEND.
Q. WHAT WAS WRONG WITH THE BENEFIT?
A. NOT ENOUGH FREE BEER.
Q. STRATEGY FOR THE NEXT FEW YEARS?
A. TO HANG OUT, MEET EVERYONE THERE IS AND PARTY SOME MORE.
Q. DO YOU HAVE ANY ADVICE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE?
A. COME AND SEE US AND PARTY SOME MORE.

CHURCH POLICE +

BRUCE HAS NEVER HEARD OF *STORMS OF YOUTH* BEFORE WE ASKED THEM TO PLAY. *CHURCH POLICE* WANT EVERYBODY TO COME AND PARTY WITH THEM CAUSE THEY LOVE IT. THEIR ADDRESS IS 1655 SUTTER ST. NO. 3 CONCORD 94520. *CHURCH POLICE* ARE ARTISTS JUST REGULAR JOES. THEY DO NOT WANT TO SLANDER ANYBODY IN PRINT, ESPECIALLY NOT *SOCIAL UNREST* WHY GIVE 'EM THE PUBLICITY?

ONE LAST QUOTE: "YOU GOT IT, AND WE LOVE IT!"

ANIMAL THINGS

CHIC TELEPHONE INTERVIEW WITH VINCE OF ANIMAL THINGS

BAND MEMBERS: VINCE: PLAYS GUITAR AND SING, TRESKA: BASS, VINNIE: DRUMS, LINNY: GUITAR, JEFF: SAX.

VINCE DOESN'T GET MAD IF PEOPLE CALL THEM PUNKS, BUT HE THINKS OF HIMSELF AS A CONCERNED INDIVIDUAL.

VINCE THINKS WHEN YOU MEET A CHRISTIAN ON THE STREET YOU SHOULD MAKE THEM AWARE OF YOUR HATRED OF THEM.

VINCE DOES HIS LAUNDRY EVERY TWO WEEKS, RAIN OR SHINE, NO MATTER WHAT.

VINCE WAS ABSTRACTLY NEGATIVE ON THE ASSASSINATION QUESTION. HE HAS NEVER READ *STORMS OF YOUTH* AND HE DOESN'T WANT TO. HE DOESN'T READ ANYTHING BUT HIS OWN WRITING BECAUSE HE DOESN'T WANT TO BE INFLUENCED.

HE'S A CONCERNED INDIVIDUAL.

CRUCIFIX

WE DIDN'T MANAGE TO INTERVIEW *CRUCIFIX* BUT YOU KNOW THESE STRONG, SILENT HARDCORE TYPES. THEY'D PROBABLY JUST SAY THINGS LIKE "WE JUST WANNA BE FREE TO DO OUR OWN THING, BE INDIVIDUALS, NOT BE CONTROLLED BY ALEXANDER HAIG OR THAT KIND OF SHIT" "WE'RE ANARCHISTS' WE BELIEVE EVERYONE SHOULD RUN THEIR OWN LIFE, Y'KNOW." INSTEAD OF SAYING CLEVER ARTY THINGS LIKE ALL THE OTHER BANDS.

